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THE PROMOTERS' AFTERMATH.

Some fifteen years or so ago the nation was enjoying a halcyon and vociferous time financially because of the amount of capital coming across the water from England for investment in "industrial stocks."

Wherever a manufacturer had gained a local reputation for making money out of his business a promoter came, like a bee scenting a honey-bearing flower, to persuade him of the vast advantages of converting his factory or shop or brewery into a stock company. The foreign investor seemed to be particularly keen for breweries, and from Newark to Milwaukee and St. Louis they were snapped up at any figure the proprietor might choose to name, with liberal allowances in the way of salary subsidies for the executive heads of the companies. The air was full of talk of cumulative stocks, preferential shares, debenture bonds and what not. Every man's house was a mint and every vat a goldconda. We were having our first experience with the roseate glamour of the forcing process as applied to capital stock and the effect was stimulating enough while it lasted. It was our first commercial cocktail.

Now in a brief news item from Newark we get word of the after effects. It is fifteen years later, and Gottfried Krueger, Peter Hauck and Adolph Hupfel have repurchased, according to the despatch, from the English syndicate to which they sold them the breweries they disposed of at a fanciful valuation. They have bought in the preferred stock for \$75 and the common for \$35. The air is out of the bubble. The inflation has flattened. Values are down to bed-rock again.

And at that figure there is undoubtedly money in these breweries again for the old owners as there was before, and as there is in bicycles for Col. Pope, purchaser of the Bicycle Trust remnants, and for the new owners of the Asphalt Trust. They will go on conducting their business in an economical and businesslike way and they will prosper. No more cocktails, no more stimulants, no balloon expectation, but common sense and prosperity.

It is the inevitable lesson of overcapitalization. The main trouble is that the lesson is expensive in the learning for the investing public, which lends a ready ear to promoters' estimates of paper profits.

POWER OF THE CHECK-BOOK.

There are traditions of offended millionaires buying up hotels for the sake of revenge upon the proprietor because of a stale sandwich or a discourtesy from the clerk. Usually the names are lacking and the authenticity of the story is open to doubt. But we seem to be raising a crop of Croesuses to whom such a purchase may be but an episode of the day's doings.

There is Mr. Schwab, for example. The contractors who are building his million-dollar mansion on Riverside Drive have informed him that they could get no brick with which to continue the progress of the building. Uninterrupted, he went up the Hudson and bought a brick-yard with its entire product. There being no bricklayers to lay the brick, he arranged with the union for them. And now we hear of John W. Gates having no suitable carriage to take him to the Derby in Chicago and buying two landaus for the occasion at the cost of \$8,000.

These are our Alexanders of finance, who cut Gordian knots with gold or dissolve them into thin air with a leaf torn from a check-book. Doubtless if it had been necessary Mr. Gates would have purchased an entire carriage factory, and if the situation had demanded it Mr. Schwab would have bought a lime-kiln, a lumber yard, a planing mill and any other essential of building operation.

In the hands of a millionaire entirely great a check-book beats any number of swords.

ISLES OF SAFETY.

The stranger who uses the Hoboken or Erie ferry sees scattered through the large asphalt-paved plazas before the ferry houses an odd and ugly arrangement of oak planks a few feet long and perhaps half as wide, surmounted by two hand rails. He wonders what they are until he leaps for life to one of them from before a truckman's galloping team or a fast-driven hansom, and then he thanks heaven for this small boon of an "isle of safety." He forgets and forgives the ugliness in the grateful remembrance that this refuge has saved his life.

Isles of safety of a far more ornate brand have been designed which, after approval by the Municipal Art Society, will be placed in various street traffic danger spots throughout the city. One is now in course of erection at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. It is to be twenty feet long and six wide with an electro-liner in the centre, and will be ornamental as well as useful. Another will be placed at Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, another at Thirty-fourth street and a fourth at Forty-second.

The idea is a most excellent one, filling a long-felt want in a sense unusual to that hackneyed term. In addition to the increase of traffic and of pedestrian congestion, the greater use of asphalt for street paving has brought with it a new peril in the form of the truck or carriage driver who speeds his team over the frequently wet and usually slippery surface at a rate of speed which puts his horses practically beyond his control. A pedestrian finding himself unexpectedly in front of a truck driven at this rate of speed is well-nigh helpless. He is in a trap from which only his own efforts will extricate him.

A neighboring isle of safety to one so caught will be an advantage the importance of which it is not easy to exaggerate or overestimate.

Two Interesting Babies.—A first American child has been born in Guam. The first white child born in Chicago is now eighty-two years old. The Guam baby seems remote enough from civilization, but if he lives to be eighty what may be not see in the further western trend of American civilization? Is Guam's future to be as big with events as Chicago's has been? Perhaps this South Sea infant will live to see the nation elect a President from the Philippines.

Considered Safe.—In Boston a confidence man has been convicted on various counts, involving penalties of 10 years in prison. He should have come to New York and tried "quick" swindling. Kellogg, sentenced three years ago, is still out of jail.

ARDENT ARCHIE PROVES ONCE MORE THE DEPTH OF HIS ADORATION.



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

SCULPTOR J. Q. A. WARD, of this city, is at work on a statue of Gen. Phil Sheridan, the hero of Shenandoah Valley, to be erected in Sheridan Circle, at the intersection of Massachusetts, Twenty-third Northwest and R streets, Washington. Mr. Ward has written the commissioners—Secretary of War Elihu Root, George F. Wetmore and Gen. H. C. Corbin—that he expects to finish his work early next year.

C. C. Brainerd and several other members of the Bar Association attended a "literary" dinner last week, where the conversation turned on the odd names of recent authors. The name of Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor came up. "I've always heard," said Brainerd, "that it takes nine tailors to make one man, but I think he is the first case on record where it takes two Chatfields to make one Taylor."

Prof. Chandler, Dean of Columbia University's Chemistry Department, entered his class-room not long ago clad in a brand new suit of light gray. The sophomore class arose as one man and gave the barking college cheer for the new suit. Prof. Chandler did not reprove the breach of decorum further than to say hopelessly:

"Gentlemen, it is hard to classify you. You belong to the genus 'Sophomore Animal,' species unknown, whose make-up is utterly lacking in either fear or respect."

Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is agitating the creation of a national park at Valley Forge, Pa., to include the lands occupied by the American Army, and making the anniversary of Washington's evacuation of Valley Forge a national holiday.

Rev. L. S. B. Rosister, who for twenty-seven years was pastor of the North Presbyterian Church in this city, has been appointed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Manila.

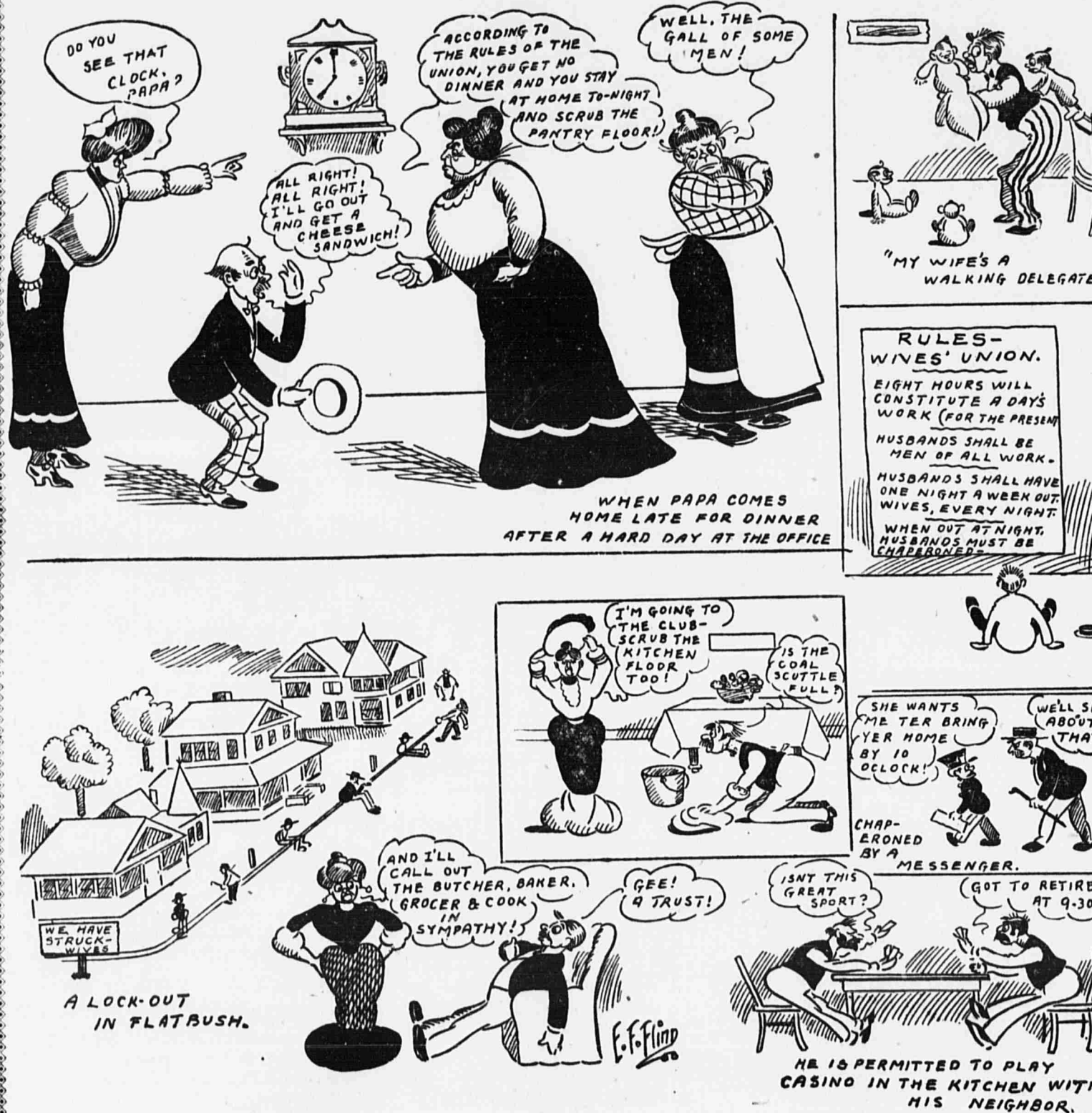
Ex-Judge E. H. Gary, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the United States Steel corporation, characterized as erroneous reports that he has withdrawn from the Gary Memorial Methodist Church in Wheaton, Ill., and that he declined to take a letter when leaving the church to remove to New York. The church was erected by Judge Gary as a memorial to his father and mother.

William Dean Howells—the "Dean of American letters"—has lately been called—strolled one evening through the Tenderloin. Stout, broad and looking very well dressed in his loose English clothes, Mr. Howells glanced from right to left incessantly. He seemed to wish to see everything. A policeman whom he knew saluted him and said: "I suppose you are strolling about here, Mr. Howells, picking up character, eh?" "Well, no, not exactly," returned the author, "though plenty of that is lost about here, I'm told."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

It Means, "I Am at Your Service."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the real meaning of "I am yours to command?" Does it mean to be commanded by some one to command one?
H. C.
"With Love" and "Ever Your Friend."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the meaning of the following Latin words, "Cum amore," and "Semper igne amicus?"
PIANK P.
Blue for Boys; Pink for Girls.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What color is for boy babies and what for girls?
A. S.
Wholesale or Retail?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will readers with experience kindly let me know where a boy can better advance himself—in a large retail store or in a large wholesale house, starting from the bottom?
C. M.
Cannot Become a Citizen.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
May a Chinaman become a citizen of the United States?
B. R.
The Former Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is correct: "This is a picture of Fred and me," or "This is a picture of Fred and I?"
INQUISITIVE

WIVES ARE NOW FORMING A UNION.



A "Housewives and Housekeepers' Union" has been organized in Chicago. Will the movement spread to New York?

When the wives start organizing, countless ways they'll be devising
For making Pa's young life a frightful period of woe;
And a "sympathetic lockout" all domestic peace may knock out,
And the genial "Bless Our Home" sign from each Gotham flat must go.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO CANDY RECIPES.

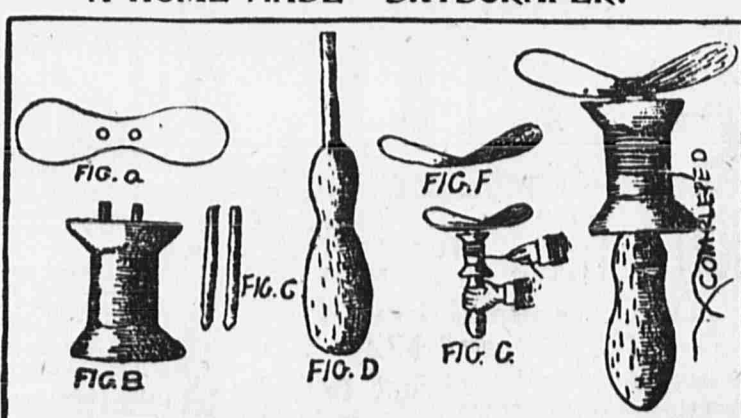
Chocolate Fudge.—Two cups sugar, three-quarter cup milk, two tablespoons butter, two squares of unsweetened chocolate or four tablespoonsful cocoa, thirty drops vanilla. Boil them all together, except the vanilla, stirring constantly, until a ball is formed when tried in cold water. Remove from fire and let stand three minutes; add vanilla and beat until mixture thickens. Pour into buttered pans, cool and cut in squares.

Panache.—Two cups brown sugar, one-half cup milk, three tablespoonsful butter, fifteen drops vanilla, one cup nutmeats. Cook the same as fudge, adding vanilla and nutmeats when removed from fire. Beat and pour into buttered pans to cool; cut in squares. The butter may be omitted and one cup of milk used.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the tree you can never burn?
Ash.
What is the tree that stands nearest the sea? Beech.
What is the tree that everybody likes? Poplar.
What is the most melancholy tree? Pine.
What tree belongs to the church? Elder.
What tree is it that every boy dreads? Birch.

A HOME-MADE "SKYSCRAPER."



How to make an amusing toy known as a "skyscraper" is thus described: Figure A is a piece of tin cut into the shape pictured, with two holes in it. Figure B is an ordinary thread spool. Figure C is a nail (2) with the head cut off. Drive the nail into the top of the spool so that Figure A will fit on it loosely. Figure D is a piece of wood cut into the shape pictured, and Figure E is placed on it so that it can turn easily. Wrap a string around the spool. The string is to be pulled to put the spool in operation. Figure A must be twisted up a little, as shown in Figure F. Figure E shows the skyscraper completed. Figure A shows the way it is worked. Hold it in one hand by the piece of wood below the spool, and take hold of the string which is wrapped around the spool, and pull it quickly, so as to raise the tin from the spool. Then it will sail up into the sky. If it is made right it will prove to be a very amusing plaything.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

SALLIE AND WILLIE.

"It will astonish the victims of the grip, Sallie to learn that the bacillus of that infernal disease is only about one-sixteen-thousandth of an inch in length and about one-eighty-thousandth of an inch in width."

"What is so astonishing about that, Willie?"

"Because, Sallie, the general impression has been that the bacillus must be of at least the size of a sea serpent."

A SLAP AT HER.

"Our children," said Mrs. Cassidy, whose husband had come in for some money, "will spend the summer in the country, away from the hate of the city."

"Yes," replied the jealous Mrs. Casey. "Faith, the Country Wake Association is a great charity, so it is.—Philadelphia Press."

NOT FOR HIM.

Teacher—Willie, if one horse can run a mile in two minutes and another horse can do it in three minutes, how far apart will they be at the end of eight miles?

MRS. BOTHGATES' SUBSTITUTE.

Her Husband Tells an "I." Passenger of Her Strange Fancy.

"DON'T you like to make a hit with a thing?" asked Bothgates. The crowd was damp and disagreeable, but the guard's face was beaming and his flow of old jokes incessant.

"I been playing for a laugh from the river to the Battery and I ain't got more'n a smile. If some refter'd jest cackle out loud I'd like my job better. When I go to a show I never laugh at those easy jokes 'less I have 'em, but if I see a man working hard for a laugh I let out my biggest, and my little red-head always says 'Sh-u-sh! everybody's looking at you,' but I see they all join. The best joke is a hearty laugh."

"Funny how a man's wife's always calling him down when he's out in society. She's afraid people won't back their judgment and think her man's the finest ever. As far as that goes, she calls him down pretty often at home. But you know, for all her raking, she generally thinks what she does is pretty right and proper, and she thinks about every woman that ain't tied up tight to some other man is after hers."

Red-head she used to have the queerest idea you ever heard of. She was sure she was going to die young and she jest couldn't bear to have me left alone and she was always picking out my second. If she finds a gal that is nice and neat about the house and having and home-loving and home-ly, she'd say: 'Now, Bothgates, if I die I want you to marry Jennie Mudface; she'll make a good mother to the boys. And I say to her: 'Don't worry, May; jest you stick around as long as you like it, for if you leave me I'll marry an actorette that gets her hair color in a bottle.'

"Praps I'm stringing her, but you can't tell what a widow man's going to do. Looks to me like the men that has the best luck in their first choice is the biggest fool in the second. And the more they carry on," says red-head, "when their wives die the soonest they're married again."

"Look at old freckly face Fitz. I tell you red-head preaches a regular sermon this morning when she reads a piece in the paper about that old pug going to marry an actrees. And I says to her, 'I see how 'tis. And I think she's given up the idea of dying and giving me a chance to give the boys a stepmother that'd be too tired all the time to do anything but lean out the window and watch for my train."

"I don't count on hearing any more about Jennie or any other specially selected substitutes for quite some time."

"Say, friend, I like to chin with you. Your laugh comes easy and it's good to hear."

CONCERNING WOMEN.

The Spanish rhyme has it: "Were a woman as little as she is good, a pea pod would make her a gown and a hood." An old English saying: "If a man lose a woman and a farthing he will be sorry he lost the farthing."

The French adage: "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

The German: "There are only two good women in the world—one dead and the other can't be found."

The Scotch say: "Honest men marry soon, wise men never."

The Arabian declares: "Words are women; deeds are men."

The German asserts that whenever there is mischief brewing a woman is at the bottom of it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

